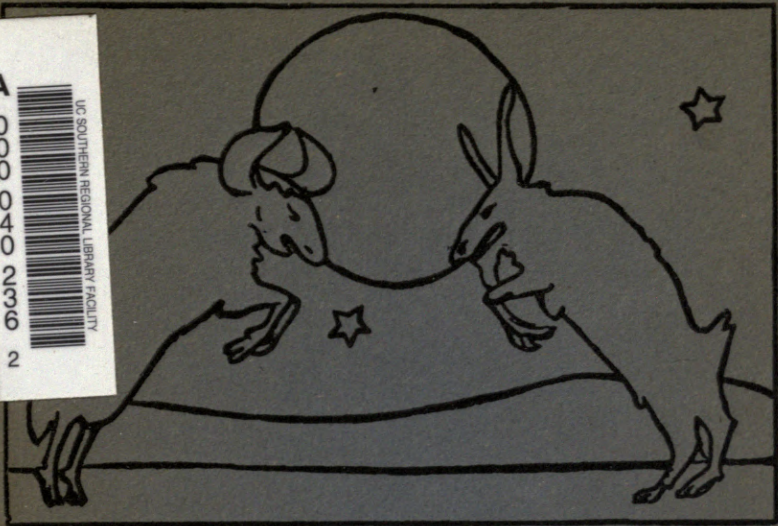


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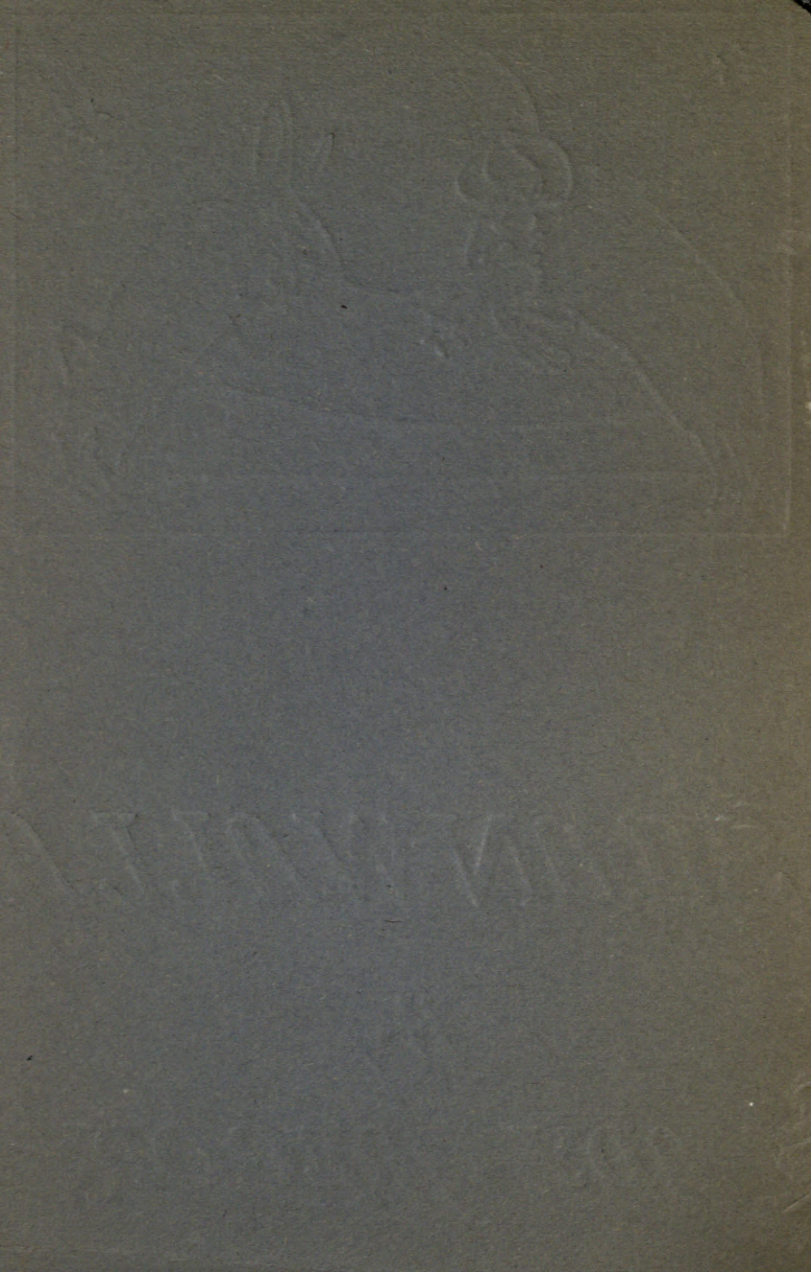


SHANWALLA

By

LADY GREGORY

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Irene Owen Andrews

July 1926

Dublin.

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SHANWALLA

BY

LADY GREGORY

LONDON

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SHANWALLA

LAWRENCE SCARRY *A Stableman.*
 HUBERT DARCY *His Master.*
 BRIDE SCARRY *His Wife.*
 OWEN CONARY *A Blind Beggar.*
 PAT O'MALLEY
 JAMES BROGAN
 1ST GIRL
 2ND GIRL
 HEAD CONSTABLE
 1ST POLICEMAN
 2ND POLICEMAN
 A BOY

SHANWALLA

ACT I

An old harness room, with bridles etc. Conary is sitting at fire, has just finished a meal and is putting down mug and plate, awkwardly. Bride Scarry is sitting on table, working at bodice of a dress.

Conary: Many is the place where you stretched out your hand to me, Bride Scarry; over the mering in Clare the time you had a harbour with the Brogans that were of your kin; and after that when you shifted over to Pat O'Malley that was of your kin; and after that again when you took service in the big house of the Darcys. And anything you would bring to me, if it was but a potato itself I would be sure of it, and I had no need to go sniffing the same as a yard dog to know was the bit sweet or stinking, wholesome or harmful, was thrust into the hand of the man is blind and defeated in the sight. Another thing, I am well pleased with the meal you gave me this day, knowing it to be your own, and you free from

service and this fortnight back the woman of Lawrence Scarry's house, and having your own handling and your way.

Bride: Was it not a great kindness he did, Owen Conary, taking me for his wife, and I having nothing in my hand and not so much as good friends would be a back to him. I'm in dread it is no good helper I can be to him at all.

Conary: He is well off getting you; for you are one that was born at sunrise and at the birthday of the year. But it is yourself and myself were under near the one misfortune up to this, I being a beggar and poor that must strive to please all and to humour them, trying to knock out the bite I'd eat; and you being a girl under orders in whatever house you were in, and having no leave to please yourself at any time, and not knowing in the moon of May what roof might be giving you shelter in the moon of the badgers.

Bride: That was so indeed, and I should be well content.

Conary: A man to care you, and he an honest boy in favour with his master, and plenty to have come into your hand, there is little left now for you to covet or desire.

Bride: It's hard say. I do be thinking at some times if I owned some grandeur such as a flock of

hens, or a flower garden, it would make me more settled in the world. But having them maybe I might be craving after something would be better again. (*Laughs.*)

Conary: That was the way with myself in my early time. I used to be hungering and hoping to see so much as one human face before I'd die. But since I went so far I am satisfied to wait till the walls of this world will be broke for me, and I will get a view of them that have lost the body and are upon the other side.

Bride: You to see such things at this time itself it would be natural, for those that are blind should see more than such as have their earthly sight. They do be saying one of Mr. Darcy's old fathers does be seen around this place, as it is here he kept his horses and his hounds.

Conary: So he might be seen. A great rider he was, sitting up straight on his white horse that had the name of some castle out in foreign, in Germany I think it is, Iron Brightside. Many a one has seen him galloping through the demesne in the night time, and the huntsman with him in his red jacket riding.

Bride: There is Larry would not give in to such things. But surely the priests know there are ghosts, and tell you they are poor souls that died in trouble.

Conary: The shadow that wanders for a while until it has the debts paid it had to pay. And when it is free it puts out wings and flies to heaven.

Bride: There was a woman from the North used to be telling me that every time you see a tree shaking there is a ghost in it.

Conary: When one goes that has a weight on the soul that is more than the weight of the body, it cannot get away, but stays wandering till some one has courage to question it.

Bride: That is what the woman told me. To have courage to question them you must, or they will have no power for to speak.

Conary: I knew one Kearney met a woman, a stranger. "Is there anything I can do for you?" says he, for he thought she was some country-woman gone astray. "There is," says she. And she told him of some small debts she had left unknown to her friends, not more than ten shillings in all, and when she died no more had been said about it. So her friends paid these and said masses, and shortly after she appeared to him again. "God bless you now," she said, "for what you did for me, for now I am at peace." But if Kearney did not question her, she would not have power to tell what ailed her. And it is certain that a mother will come back to care the child that is left after her.

Bride: I never saw my mother that was taken at the very hour of my birth.

Conary: It is likely she had a hand in you; for a child that gets help from the other side will grow to be the best in the world.

Bride: They must surely be uneasy about those they left after them, or why would they quit for one minute only that good place where they are gone.

Conary: Coming back to give help, that is what they do be doing. Believe me, if it is good to have friends among the living, it is seven times better to have them among the dead.

Bride: Whist now! Larry will say no one will be talking of such things unless it might be a woman or a fool!

Scarry: (*Coming in.*) Is that you Owen Conary keeping the woman of the house in talk?

Conary: (*Changing manner.*) Myself it is, Lawrence Scarry! Calling to mind I was the grandeurs of this place in the long ago, the time the Darcys' hounds would be putting a fox in trouble! (*Sings.*)

Hark, hark, the sounds increase
Each horn sounds a bass
Away to Chevy Chase
Poor Reynard is in view;

All round the sunny lake
Lough Cutra then he takes
But they without mistake
His footsteps did pursue.
'Twas on Ballyturn hill
Poor Reynard made his will . . .

Scarry: Stop your noise now and get out of sight. I saw the Master coming and he crossing the bridge!

Bride: Come with me Owen till I'll lead you to where there is a warm wad of straw in the shed beyond. You can rest yourself there for a while. You might miss your step if I brought you up the ladder into the loft.

(They go out.)

Scarry: That's it, put him out of sight in some place. *(He takes bit and stirrups and rubs them with a chamois leather, humming as if grooming a horse.)*

Darcy: *(At door.)* Are you there Larry?

Scarry: I am, sir.

Darcy: *(Coming in.)* What way is the horse today?

Scarry: Grand, sir. Grand out and out.

Darcy: I'd be here sooner but for having to attend the Bench in Cloon. Magistrates are scarce these times.

Scarry: There's good daylight yet. You can take a view of him.

Darcy: (*Going to side and opening door comes back, shutting it.*) He doesn't look too bad.

Scarry: Is that all you have to say? He's altogether a beauty!

Darcy: Oh, Larry, do you think can he win in the race?

Scarry: He to fail I'll give you leave to do your choice thing on me.

Darcy: There will be good horses against him.

Scarry: There's a good breed in him. Never fear he'll best them.

Darcy: That dealer in Limerick owns a bay mare has a great name.

Scarry: You may bet your estate on Shanwalla.

Darcy: That mare won all before her at Turloghmore.

Scarry: Shanwalla that will get the victory over all Ireland.

Darcy: You are likely making too much of him.

Scarry: There's no one can go stronger than him, and you to be trotting him itself; and as gentle as that you could bridle him with the ashes of a spent thread of silk.

Darcy: It would frighten you to see the leaps they are putting up on the course.

Scarry: There isn't a leap in any part would baulk *him*.

Darcy: It will be a fierce race, a fierce pace.

Scarry: I'll pity them that will make their start with Shanwalla! They to try and catch him, he'll take the cracked strain, and away with him.

Darcy: He to win I'll have my pocket well filled. And believe me, you'll be no loser.

Scarry: It's time indeed you to do some good thing for me, and I wedded and joined with a wife.

Darcy: It wasn't I that bade you take a wife.

Scarry: It was you put me stopping in this bare barrack of a deserted old kennel, till I near died with the lonesome.

Darcy: Well you have company now, whatever complaints she may put out of her.

Scarry: The time she was a poor serving girl in your own kitchen she was better treated than to be housed under rafters in a loft.

Darcy: A loft is an airy place.

Scarry: A loft the crows wouldn't stop in, but to be going in and out of it with the breeze.

Darcy: It to be airy you will not be stopping in it wasting your time of a morning.

Scarry: It is gone to rack too. It was made since God made the world. It's as old as Adam.

There's a great traffic in it of rats, till they have it holed like a sieve.

Darcy: Holes are very handy for you to be looking down into the manger to see is Shanwalla eating his feed.

Scarry: And no way to go up in it but only a rickety ladder does be shaking like a bough in a big wind.

Darcy: That is great good. It will keep you sober more than if you gave your oath to the missionaries. You would be in dread to go face it and you after taking a drop.

Scarry: I tell you I wouldn't care if I had to climb a rope to the skies if it wasn't for my woman of a wife.

Darcy: I'm not too well pleased with you Larry for bringing in a companion till after the race would be won. Take care would she be chattering about the horse.

Scarry: You need be in no dread. Wise head and shut mouth. That's the way with her.

Darcy: I wouldn't wish her to be bringing company around the place.

Scarry: No fear of her coveting to ask any person to come see the poor way she is lodged.

Darcy: That's a good reason to keep you down. I have no mind anyone to come peeping and prying,

striving to see him and to give out a report of him.

Scarry: There is no one will get any sight of him till such time as he will come sparkling on to the course, and he tossing his head, like as if you were pitching buttons.

Darcy: Take care would you let anyone come next or near him.

Scarry: I know my business better than that.

Darcy: Give no one leave to touch or to handle him. It is a little thing would put a horse astray.

Scarry: Ah, horses in this country is a hardy class. They wouldn't die through swallowing a buttercup the same as they do out in France.

Darcy: It's impossible to be too careful.

Scarry: It wasn't myself lamed the chestnut, leaping on to the road, that the sinews spread on him.

Darcy: It's not of making leaps I am afraid. There are other things might lame him such as a thorn in the knee.

Scarry: He got no thorns under my care.

Darcy: A hayseed in the eye might bring blindness on him.

Scarry: It might, and my own eyes being blind.

Darcy: A prick of a nail.

Scarry: He's done with shoeing for this time.

Darcy: A pinch of some poison in the drinking water.

Scarry: Without they'd poison the whole river it would fail them to bring that about.

Darcy: I tell you I'll be easier in my mind when next Friday will be passed.

Scarry: So you would be too. It's best not praise or dispraise a crop before the June will be out.

Darcy: I am wakeful fearing for him in the night time.

Scarry: I wonder you wouldn't shift him over to your own yard and you being so uneasy.

Darcy: I wouldn't say but it might be best.

Scarry: Do it so, and I'll get my sound sleep.

Darcy: He might get cold in the new stable.

Scarry: Let him wear his blanket.

Darcy: Sure enough, there's no eye like the master's.

Scarry: I often heard you say that.

Darcy: It's hard trust anyone.

Scarry: Please yourself.

Darcy: It might not be worth while for the short time till the race.

Scarry: This is Tuesday. There's three days to it yet,

Darcy: Wait till I'll take another look at him.

Scarry: Look here now Master Hubert. You'll bring him out of this tonight or I myself will go out of it.

Darcy: What are you talking about?

Scarry: I will not stop in charge of him, and I not to be trusted.

Darcy: Who said you were not trusted?

Scarry: You said it now.

Darcy: I did not.

Scarry: I say that you did.

Darcy: That's a big lie.

Scarry: Your own is bigger again.

Darcy: That's no way to speak to me.

Scarry: I'll put up with it no longer.

Darcy: All right so. You can go tomorrow.

Scarry: I'll go here and now.

Darcy: You cannot till tomorrow. I have no one to care the horse tonight.

Scarry: Where is the trainer you had engaged?

Darcy: That's nothing to you. You have to keep charge till morning.

Scarry: Let him earn the big money he is paid.

Darcy: You know well he is gone this fortnight.

Scarry: Let you send and call him back.

Darcy: He is gone for good and all.

Scarry: My share of trouble with him! It's little we'll cry after him, myself and Shanwalla.

Darcy: Go your own road tomorrow but you cannot quit my service till then.

Scarry: If I do stop it is not to oblige you Mr. Darcy, but because I have a great regard for that horse.

Darcy: All right! We'll say good-bye to one another in the morning. I've stood enough of you and of your tongue! (*Goes.*)

Scarry: Ah, my joy go with you! (*Sings ostentatiously:*)

The lands he did forsake, and swam across the
lake

But to his great mistake the hounds kept him in
view,

Our County Galway joy

Is Persse of Castleboy . . .

(*Brogan and O'Malley come in.*)

O'Malley: Fine evening, Lawrence.

Scarry: Is that you Pat O'Malley? Is it up from Limerick you are after coming, James Brogan?

Brogan: Going on to the fair of Loughrea I am, where I have business with a dealer from Cappaghtagle.

O'Malley: We just called in to see what way yourself and Bride agree together. It is what

they were telling me, your life is like marriage bells.

Brogan: We were waiting beyond behind the little wall of bushes till Darcy would be gone. You might not be well pleased he to have seen us.

Scarry: Little I'd care he to see you or not to see you!

O'Malley: They are saying he gives you no leave so much as to cross the threshold of the door.

Brogan: There is surely some great treasure in this old kennel of a place that he has no mind to let slip from him. His eyes stuck to the window and his ears to the hinges of the lock.

Scarry: Whatever he does I had enough of it! I have a mind to break out loose and let the whole world get a view of that great treasure at the fair of Loughrea tomorrow!

Brogan: Is that the way with you? But you'd be in dread of him to do it.

Scarry: I'm in no dread of him. It is his most enemy I would make welcome on this night.

O'Malley: I thought he had a great smack for you. Ye that were two comrade lads in your young days, as near as the tree to the bark.

Scarry: He went too far in the way he went on. I have a temper of my own. There's an end of my service in this place.

Brogan: (*Sitting down.*) I wonder now is the horse as good as what they say?

Scarry: He's good enough.

Brogan: Darcy is in dread they were telling me of letting so much as shadow be seen on the wall in any place there might be humans passing.

O'Malley: A foolish man, a foolish man. It is not putting a wall around the field will stop the cuckoo from quitting it.

(Bride comes in. She has put on the dress she had been working at, and dressed her hair. She is startled when she sees guests.)

Bride: Is that yourself, Pat? I didn't know there was anyone in it.

O'Malley: Is it so. And here is another kinsman of your own that you didn't see this good while. A great pity it failed him to come to the wedding and the dance.

Brogan: Will you give me a welcome, Bride?

Bride: It is my custom to give a welcome to all that come in at Lawrence Scarry's door.

Scarry: Well now aren't you very dressed out today more than any other day?

O'Malley: It is the wedding-dress she is wearing sure enough.

Bride: I was putting a few wilts in it where it was too wide and I am after fitting it on.

O'Malley: Thinking to wear it you are I suppose on the day of the Inchy races.

Bride: I am, so long as the weather will be good. I would not wish the rain to interfere with the flowers (*Strokes dress.*)

Brogan: Grandeur and finery to be so plentiful with you it is a great wonder you not to have silk shoes on your feet.

Scarry: So she will have them, and a suit of changing colours, that she will be laughing with the delight of them.

O'Malley: I wonder you to go handle that skillet that might spoil the neatness of your gown.

Bride: Put it on the fire, you, Lawrence, where you'll be in need of a drop of warm water, for it is time for you give Shanwalla his feed. (*Goes.*)

Brogan: Shanwalla! That is a name is well known through the five provinces!

Scarry: There's little known about him yet.

Brogan: More maybe than you think.

Scarry: No one saw him since he came back from the trainer. It is within in the demesne he gets his exercise since then.

Brogan: If they didn't see him they heard of him.

Scarry: I gave out nothing or spoke his name at all since the time he was brought back into my charge.

Brogan: There is maybe one that did speak.

Scarry: Who was that?

Brogan: The man that owns him.

Scarry: You're out. It is he himself forbade me to let one word about him out of my mouth.

O'Malley: There are other ways of giving out news besides with the tongue. To be looking down as if there was a secret between yourself and the depths of the earth, and to be whispering with yourself and starting, and to be giving little hints about some thing you could tell if you had a mind; and to be as if deaf and dumb every time the race is so much as spoken of. That's what makes the lads that meet him full sure he has the winner in his hand. There's not a man within the seven counties but has got wind of him.

Brogan: Whether or no, it's impossible at this time to get any odds against Shanwalla.

O'Malley: Did you put anything on him yourself, Lawrence?

Scarry: I did not. Where would I meet with anyone to make bets with? I was hoping for good odds.

Brogan: You're hoping for what you won't get. There is but one way for you to make your profit on the race.

Scarry: The one way is to back him.

Brogan: It is not, but to bet against him.

Scarry: He will surely win.

Brogan: That was said of many a horse that it failed after to get the goal.

Scarry: There'll be no failing in him. The jockey is one that will ride him steady and will not let him renege.

O'Malley: I knew a man out in Athlone had not so much as a red halfpenny, and it was a horse he backed at Mullingar races, and that had no great name, put a large fortune into his hand.

Brogan: I remember the race. It was a grey was the favourite, Hill of Allen is the name was on him. There was no other horse fit to come near him.

O'Malley: My man that bet against him.

Scarry: What way did he win so?

Brogan: He had knowledge of the horse and that he was fidgety at the start—nervous like—till he'd set out. So he made objection to every start that was made, till he had him dancing wild, rearing up to the skies, and flakes flying from his bit. By the time the real start was made, in place

of going forward it is a side leap he made, and threw the jockey, and no more about him.

Scarry: That was a very roguish thing to do.

O'Malley: Ah what roguish! If God allotted riches for some people and allotted more to be in poverty, it is best for a man to look out for himself. That man I tell you had debts down on him, and since that time he grew into riches and is his own master.

Brogan: No one putting orders on him to go there or hither, and no need ever to humble himself to another.

Scarry: The man that would make me an offer to do a trick of the sort it would be the worst day ever went over him. It's a thing I wouldn't listen to from the Queen under her crown.

Brogan: Ah, by your own telling, Darcy doesn't give you such good treatment you should be slaving your life out for him the way you do.

Scarry: Whatever I do for him this is the last night I'll be doing it. The horse will be going to his own stables in Ravahasy tomorrow.

O'Malley: Is it that this is the last night you have charge of him?

Scarry: That's what I said. And I'll take good charge of him. There's no enemy will make any

headway putting *him* astray. I'll stop waking with him through the night time.

Brogan: We'll stop along with you. I have here a pack of cards.

O'Malley: There's a drop here in the bottle I have. You won't feel the time passing.

Scarry: I'll be best stopping alone. The night is not long passing since the days took a stretch.

Brogan: It's more likely sleep will come upon you than if you would be taking a hand with the cards.

Scarry: I'll bid Bride to put down black tea for me that will keep me waking. The tea is very lively.

O'Malley: That is a poor thing to go drink. It will set the heart uneasy and leaping within you.

Scarry: (*Pointing to door.*) Well, boys, I'll put you on your road as far as the river, where I'll be getting a pail of pure water in the pool that is below the bridge. The skillet is on the boil that I can take the chill off of it. It is time for the horse get his feed.

Brogan: I'll engage it is good feeding he is getting. What is it you are giving him?

Scarry: Everything of the best.

O'Malley: There's some says new milk to be very serviceable.

Scarry: Ah, it's not fattening a pig I am. I wouldn't go as far as that. But meal and water and good oats having mixed up with them an odd time a couple of fresh eggs.

O'Malley: That's great diet, God bless him!

Brogan: How often now would you give him that in the day?

Scarry: Three times, and no muzzle but to let him measure his own belly. It's a poor thing to send a horse out hungry to a race.

O'Malley: A naggin' of whiskey is a thing now I saw give great courage at the start.

Brogan: There was a red mare I used to be with throve on nothing so well as split peas. A great horse—she'd ate you if she had a foal.

Scarry: The oats we have is as hard as any sort of peas you could meet. It was harvested in the heat of last August two years.

Brogan: Is that it within in the sack?

Scarry: It is not, but within in the bin it is.

Brogan: A lock on it the same as if it was coined gold. I suppose Darcy gives it out himself?

Scarry: He does not. (*Unlocks it.*)

Brogan: (*Looking in.*) And the sieve locked up along with it.

Scarry: That's the master's orders. And Bride that has to scald it every day.

Brogan: (*Fingering oats.*) It is seemingly middling good.

Scarry: Ah, what middling? Sure it weighs near fifty pound to the bushel. (*Shakes sieve.*) Do you hear it rattling the same as grains of shot?

Brogan: Will you be giving it to him now?

Scarry: I will not till I'll have the water drawn and give him a drink. I must go get it now.

Brogan: I'd like well to get one view of him. Open now the door.

Scarry: I will not do that. He's someway nervous; he to be aware of a stranger late or early it would startle and disturb him.

Brogan: I am well used to handling horses.

Scarry: You wouldn't handle this one. You to go in to him offering to give him a feed or a drink, you should keep your seven yards out from him or you'd get his hocks in your face!

O'Malley: He must be very violent and hurtful.

Scarry: It's only with strangers he does be that way. The minute he'll feel them coming he'll show a very roguish eye. But as to myself, he'd give me leave to let off gunpowder in his manger, or to squeal the bagpipes around his stall.

O'Malley: It is given in to Brogan that he has a way with him.

Scarry: The trainer himself would not get leave to comb his mane or his tail. It's the work of the world to get a blacksmith with courage to put a shoe on him. Come on now, it's time for me draw the water.

Brogan: (Sitting down.) I'll follow you. I should take out of my shoe a pebble that preyed on me and I coming the road.

Scarry: (At door.) Hurry on so. I'm waiting.

O'Malley: Is that now the old forge is in the corner of the yard?

Scarry: It is, and there used to be two smiths working in it every day of the year.

O'Malley: The bellows should be broke by this. Or is there a bellows in it at all?

Scarry: The handle is in it,—wait till I'll show you.

(They go out, Scarry taking pail.)

Brogan: (Calling out) I'll be after ye! *(Gets up, looks out door, takes lid off the saucepan. Takes a couple of small packets wrapped in blue paper from his pocket. Puts one back and shakes contents of other into saucepan. Bride Scarry has come to other door, and stands looking at him.)*

Bride: What is that you are doing, James Brogan?

Brogan: (Startled) I am following after Lawrence that went on to the bridge.

Bride: (*Going between him and door*) I saw you putting some thing into the skillet.

Brogan: There's some see more than is in it to see. It is your sight that spread on you.

Bride: I am surer of my own sight, James Brogan, than I am of your word.

Brogan: Is it since you joined with the Scarrys you are grown so proud to be running down your own breed?

Bride: It is well I know, whatever brought you here, you are at no good trade.

Brogan: Is it to rob you think me to be come? I see no great sign of riches about the place. It is to a better house than this I would go and I searching out profit for myself. I tell you Bride Scarry for all your pride it is no great match that you made.

Bride: I got an honest man, and that is what you never were yourself. For you did not deal right and fair with them that trusted you and employed you.

Brogan: It is you yourself drove me from honest ways the time you turned your own face against me.

Bride: My face was against you from the time I knew your ugly behaviour, an army man—a deserter—I know what it was brought you into

Liverpool gaol. I tell you I am well satisfied having my face turned towards a better man.

Brogan: You could have made a good man of me and a well doing man if you had but taken me in hand. I give you my oath you are the only woman was ever shut up in my heart.

Bride: Do you think with this foolish talk to turn me from what I saw? I know well you have the mischief in your mind.

Brogan: Is it living near Darcy has put these suspicions into you?

Bride: It is not, but only what I know about yourself.

Brogan: What high notions you have learned since you quitted Munster? A great judge you are of good or bad, as if you were the biggest in the world!

Bride: It is Lawrence will judge your behaviour. I will tell him what I saw. How do I know was it to do him some injury you put that—whatever it was—into the water.

Brogan: You'll tell him no such thing.

Bride: I will, and let you make out your own case.

Brogan: Didn't you get very cross and bold! Your voice raised and shrill the same as some fierce woman in a fight!

Bride: It is he will take you in hand so soon as he will come back.

Brogan: Whatever I may want to do, never fear I'll do it in the spite of his teeth!

Bride: I will bring all your bad deeds to light!

Brogan: You are making a great mistake! Give me your promise to be quiet or I'll gag your mouth. I'll master you!

Bride: You might not get leave to do that. It is the Almighty is our master in everything.

Brogan: You need not think to escape me! I'll come down on you! I'll put right fear on you. I'll make you go easy from this out—I'll banish you out of the world.

Bride: God will not forgive you those threats.

Brogan: I'll destroy Lawrence along with you!

Bride: Living or dead I'll be against you, and you trying to do injury to my man! (*Brogan clutches her, she calls out*) Lawrence! Lawrence!

Brogan: I'll put you under the clay! I'll have the life of you.

Bride: (*Trying to free herself*) It is hard to quench life!

Darcy: (*Calling from the yard*) Are you calling Lawrence, Mrs. Scarry? He's not here,

Brogan: (Releasing her) It's Darcy! What way will I get out of this!

Bride: You can go out the coach-house door. I'll give you time to escape, and let you never let me see one sight of you again! (*Brogan goes*)

(*Bride puts lid on kettle, puts it aside.*)

Darcy: (Coming in) Where is Larry?

Bride: He'll be here, sir, in a minute.

Darcy: Did he tell you he had a falling out with me this morning?

Bride: He did not, sir.

Darcy: He is too short in his temper.

Bride: That would be a pity.

Darcy: He is too full of suspicions.

Bride: I wouldn't think that.

Darcy: The minute I say a word he thinks I mean more than is in it, and up with him like a bursting bottle, that you daren't go near him or speak reason to him.

Bride: Oh you could, sir. He has a great respect for you.

Darcy: So have I a great respect for him. But I am not without a spirit of my own, and some of these days he'll maybe go too far.

Bride: He would be sorry to do that.

Darcy: Well now if you wish to help him——

Bride: That is my wish indeed, to be a helper to him.

Darcy: I'd be glad you to keep a watch on him, and to quieten him down any time he will be getting these high notions into his head, and make him keep that sharp tongue of his in order.

Bride: I will do that, sir. He would be sorry to give you any annoyance. He thinks the world and all of you.

Darcy: And another thing. Any time he might be cross or have a drop taken, or be anyway put out at all, let you keep him out of my way, for I'd be sorry to have words with him again, or any quarrel at all.

Scarry: (*Coming in with pail*) Give me here the skillet, Bride.

Bride: (*Taking it and holding it behind her*) I have to heat some more water.

Scarry: What is in it will do.

Bride: It will not. (*She pours it into a pan and puts on shelf*) It won't take only a minute. There is the big kettle you can pour some in.

Scarry: (*Pouring and putting on fire*) Hurry on now. Did you bring the eggs?

Bride: I have a couple in the loft, I'll go get them.

Scarry: (*Sarcastically*) Let you hurry so, till Mr. Darcy will be satisfied we are not neglecting his horse.

Darcy: It's not that brought me. I'll not be stopping.

Bride: Do not go sir, till I will come back. I have a thing that must be told out, and that it is right for you to hear.

Scarry: Go do your business now, and don't mind talking till you'll come back (*Pushes her out half playfully*). *Then stoops, takes up paper Brogan had thrown in ashes, takes dip candle out of a tin candlestick, puts paper under to steady it and puts back on mantleshelf*).

Darcy: You were put out Larry a while ago at me saying I was uneasy about the horse.

Larry: He is your own property.

Darcy: That's not it, but there are things you don't understand.

Scarry: It's likely enough I have bad understanding.

Darcy: There's a bad class of people going through the world.

Scarry: I don't need understanding to know that much.

Darcy: Have done with humbugging. I have been given sure information that there will be an attempt made against Shanwalla.

Scarry: Let them do their best. The ruffians!

Darcy: Do you see now that it is best to bring him over to my own yard? But I depend on you to come along with him. I have no one I could trust him with but yourself.

Scarry: I'll come so. But why didn't you tell me that in the commencement?

Darcy: You'll come now, tonight?

Scarry: I cannot until morning, till I'll ready a lodging there beyond for the wife.

Darcy: Come early so, before there will be people moving about. Here is the key of the stable. I have another for my own use. Don't let it out of your own hand!

Scarry: (*Putting key on a nail.*) I will come at the brink of dawn.

Darcy: There is some noise like a fall.

Scarry: It is likely the rats. You would swear at some times there to be armies battling in the house.

Darcy: Like a little scream I thought I heard.

Scarry: You'd hear every class of noise in this place. There's no doubt but rats are a terror. I don't know why is it they are in the world at all.

Conary: (Bursting door open) Come out here for the love of God, Lawrence Scarry, and see what has happened your wife! (*Lawrence rushes out.*)

Darcy: (Seizing Conary) What is the matter? What has happened? Where is she?

Conary: Out there abroad on the stones. A fall I heard. (*Scarry rushes out.*)

Conary: And like a little cry. . . . I made my way to it from the shed where I was and my foot struck against something that was the ladder that had fallen to the ground.

(*A low cry heard outside.*)

Darcy: My God!

Conary: I stooped down my hand, and I felt a little head that I knew to be her head, and I raised it up but it fell back this way (*Makes sign with hand*) on the flags. . . . What is this that is wet on my palm?

Darcy: It is blood.

Scarry: (*Coming in with her body in his arms*).
Make way for her! She is gone out of our hand!
(*Lays her down.*)

Darcy: My God! That cannot be!

Scarry: (*Kneels and lays his head on her breast.*)
O Bride! My darling and my first love!

Conary: (*Kneeling*)

Brigit, break the battle of death before her!

Let the cloak of Mary be under her head!

Come young Michael lead her by the hand

To the country of the angels, to the white
Court of Christ!

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene: Two days later. Same as last, but a settle bed in the room. There are bottles and pipes lying about, and ends of five large candles in brass candlesticks. Scarry is sitting by the fire with head in hands. O'Malley comes in.

O'Malley: It should ease your mind, Lawrence, the wake to be over and all to have passed so nice and so comfortable. (*Pauses but Scarry is silent.*) Ah, no wonder you to be lonesome and lonesome looking! Very sudden she went indeed; never a word out of her they were telling me, from the time you brought her from where she was lying on the stones and laid her down upon the floor. (*Another pause.*) But there is no one but must say you did your best for her, living or dead, putting a good coffin on her and leaving her down with her own people in the graveyard of Eserkelly. And everyone is talking of the wake—nothing scarce in it but all plentiful. But with all the drink was in it there was no leaping or playing or funning, for there was no one but was sorry for her. Is it a fact now that Darcy himself sent provision from

the big house, even to the five white candles that were kindled and burning around her? (*Scarry nods.*) Well it was a mournful thing to happen, but we cannot have our own way always, and you have a right not to neglect yourself, but to give over fretting, for it's likely you have a long life before you.

Scarry: (*With a bitter laugh.*) A long life, is it? That is a thing my most enemy would wish to me.

O'Malley: Ah, your grief will wear itself out after a while, where it was the will of God.

Scarry: (*With another laugh.*) That's the talk of women and of fools! And why would God have any spite against me more than any other one?

O'Malley: Well there's no one at all, they do be saying, but is deserving of some punishment from the very minute of his birth.

Scarry: And is it for the sin of the apple you are drawing down that curse upon me? There is no fair play in that.

O'Malley: Sure it is allotted to every Christian to meet with his share of trouble.

Scarry: It is a bad lot that fell upon myself! It is no way fair trouble to have been settled for me in the clouds of the sky at the time I made my first start in the world.

O'Malley: You maybe did some contrary deed yourself, without putting blame upon the skies.

Scarry: I tell you I made no bad deed to drag me down more than another. I was no robber or treacherous friend! I harmed no person young or old or did this or that! I coveted no gift from the riches of the kings of the earth, or broke the bars of the treasury of heaven!

O'Malley: Ah, where's the use of talking?

Scarry: God to have any grudge against me wouldn't it be enough to let it fall on myself and not to leave it on my companion to pay the penalty? What call had the armies of heaven to bring away the woman had no sharpness in her mouth? It is a great loss to the world that little laugh to be banished out of it!

O'Malley: It will not serve you to be roaring and running this way and that way like a mare would be screeching after her foal athrough the rocks.

Scarry: What way did it fail the harm to fall on the horse was in it and that I took delight in? Hadn't he a name big enough to satisfy the pride and the covetousness of death? Oh, Bride, my heart is linked to you yet, that you could draw me to the ends of the grey world!

O'Malley: Lie down now on the bed and take your rest, where you never closed an eye the two

nights since she went from you. It is the passion of sleep that has you racked and that is turning you to be mad and wild.

Scarry: (*Stumbles over to side of bed, then turns back.*) What way would I lie in my warmth, and she being frosty cold in Eserkelly, and a made grave all that is left to her!

O'Malley: There is no one but will tell you that you will surely come to her again, on the far side of the world.

Scarry: There is no world of the living on the far side! That is a deception and a vanity! She to be living she would not leave me my lone, if she had to break through the flags of the floor of heaven! We to die there is nothing left of us but as if a breeze of wind that is passed away, and no more about it.

O'Malley: Take but one half hour's sleep I say, and your senses will come back to you and your reason.

Scarry: I wish to God you could put me in my sleep for seven years or seven quarters of the year itself! That would be very good. Is there drink enough left in the wake-house to bring down sleep and forgetfulness? (*Seizes bottle and pours into a pewter mug, then puts it down again.*) Oh, Bride, what am I saying? What way can I lie down in my sleep when it is far from you will be my wak-

ing? There is nothing will befriend me only death—my life to burn out in a minute the same as the tails the children do be kindling in the barley gardens! It will be best let it out from me with some little sharp bit of iron! (*Goes to door.*)

Brogan: (*Who has been at door for a moment or two comes in.*) Here let you sit down. (*Pushes over mug to him.*) Drink it now. It's little but you'll fall in your standing with the weakness. (*Pushes him into chair.*) Have courage man! You are shaking like the tree of the Crucifixion! (*Scarry drinks.*)

O'Malley: That's right. It will bring the senses back into him.

Brogan: (*Sits down and lights pipe.*) Tell me now, Pat O'Malley, what way is the world shaping? Have you any new tidings of the big races of Inchy tomorrow?

O'Malley: Sure there is no talk of any other thing. There is quality gathered into all the big gentlemen's houses.

Brogan: Would you say now Shanwalla to be the favourite yet?

O'Malley: Why wouldn't he be the favourite? He's a great sort. He is far beyond any one of the blood horses will be in it.

Brogan: You heard nothing against him I suppose?

O'Malley: Sure there is nothing can be brought against him. You know that before.

Brogan: A touch of the strangles they were telling me he has got. It's a bad thing to get quit of or to cure.

Scarry: That's a damned lie they told you saying that. He never had any such a thing.

Brogan: Ah, it's hard to believe all the lies that is in the world. I suppose you didn't see him since he went out of your care?

Scarry: I did not.

O'Malley: I got a sketch of him myself that night, the night of the misfortune that came on this place. It was Darcy himself was leading him away by the river path. It was Lawrence Scarry had more hand in him than any trainer or tribe of trainers. He behaved very mean doing that.

Scarry: He did not. He behaved fair and square to me.

Brogan: That's very good. It is the neighbours I heard talking, saying that he someway mistrusted you.

Scarry: He behaved good and honest. He said to me to move over to his own yard so soon as I

would have done . . . this business here. It is there I should be going at this time.

Brogan: They are saying he tried to bring back the trainer from the Curragh in your place, and that he would give you no more leave to attend the horse.

Scarry: Little they know, so full as they are of fancies.

Brogan: Well, I'm only telling you what is said.

Scarry: (*Taking key from nail.*) Look at that key? Do you know what is it?

Brogan: What way would I know?

Scarry: It is the key of Shanwalla's stable beyond. Darcy gave it into my hand, and he gave with it full leave to go in at any minute of the night or day. Was that now mistrusting me?

Brogan: (*Touching key.*) You are not telling me he did that much?

Scarry: He knows well the love I have for that horse! I'll like well to see the way he'll put defeat on the whole rout of them!

Brogan: That's right! Go see the race to-morrow. You'll get some life in you with the shouting of the crowds upon the course.

Scarry: (*Drinking again.*) Shouting "Shanwalla" they will be! It is I will give out my own

shout. I'll lay my bets with the best of them. I'm not put out yet!

Brogan: That's it! . . . There's no one on the course will make bigger money than what you will, and you to take courage in your hand.

Scarry: Money? What would I want getting money! I would not stoop my back for it, and it to be shining on the grass!

Brogan: That now is a solid key. . . Let me take it in my hand a minute.

Scarry: I will not do that. (*Puts key in pocket.*)

Brogan: What way could I harm it?

Scarry: The man that gave it to me said not to let it out of my own hand. I will hold to that command.

Brogan: (*Sneeringly.*) You are very faithful to Hubert Darcy.

Scarry: He trusted me with it and he can trust me.

Brogan: If he has trust in you, it is you yourself maybe put too much trust in him.

Scarry: The thing he gave into my care, I will never give it up to any other one. There is no book or no paper will ever have me pictured doing that.

Brogan: I am saying you maybe think too much of Darcy.

Scarry: He is my master and my near friend. He will never be hurted or harmed by enemy or illwisher so long as I'll be living in the world.

Brogan: A pity he not to have been as faithful to yourself.

Scarry: He to say a sharp word to me, it is short till he would come back to make it up with me in some friendly way.

Brogan: Indeed he was very often visiting this old kennel.

Scarry: Evening or morning he was never hardly without taking a course around the place.

Brogan: If you are a man at all, Lawrence Scarry, you will rise up and draw down a revenge on the man was offering temptation to your wife!

Scarry: That's a blasted lie!

Brogan: I say he was offering temptation to Bride Scarry.

Scarry: It is not to my wife he would speak a word of the kind! I'd have the life of any man thought that.

Brogan: I am but saying what I know.

Scarry: She would have turned him out the door if he had but said one word. She would have told myself.

Brogan: That is the very thing she was about to do. The time you came up from drawing water

in the river who did you find before you in this place? Was it Darcy? and he and herself talking together.

Scarry: What harm if he was in it?

Brogan: You had but just gone out when he came in—all the same as if he had been watching you. I that was taking a pebble from my shoe made away through the coachhouse door. I came back there again in a short while to know was he gone out. He was there yet.

Scarry: Why wouldn't he be there?

Brogan: What he had said to her I don't know, but I heard well what she herself was saying—she had a very clear sweet voice.

Scarry: She had that.

Brogan: She was saying at that time: "I have my face turned to a better man." And after that she said, "I was certain you had some mischief in your heart"; and after that again, "It is Lawrence will be the judge." He broke out angry then and gave up his whisper and called out, "If you say one word to him it will be the worst word ever you said in your life. I'll put right fear on you, I'll master you"!

Scarry: Is it Darcy that was my friend said that!

Brogan: You yourself came in then at the door, and I made away by the bridge over the river.

Scarry: He said that to her! If you are lying I'll squeeze the breath out of you! (*Seizes him.*)

Brogan: So help me God I heard the woman that was your wife giving out those words in this place. I'll swear it in any court in Ireland!

Scarry: Let me out of this! I'll go task him with it! I'll take his life!

Brogan: You will find it hard to do that, and his people being around him in the big house.

Scarry: My seven curses on him and on his house and his four-footed beasts and his means and upon his soul! I'll put my heavy vengeance on him! I'll make an attack on him at the race-course in the sight of all!

Brogan: You will not. You will draw down on him a surer punishment than that. To put him back, and to lessen his means, and to bring down his pride, till he will quit the country being vexed and ashamed.

Scarry: What way will I do that?

Brogan: You have but the least little thing to do. Just to go into the stable beyond on this night, and to put what is in this paper (*takes out packet*) into the horse's flour and water or into his feed of oats the way he will fail in the race. That is the only best thing to do, and you not being too tender with the horse.

Scarry: Darcy's horse is it! My curse upon him! It's well pleased I'd be seeing him sunk in the river below, or to struggle and smother in a bog!

Brogan: That's right now.

Scarry: I'll go do it! I'll drag Darcy down!

O'Malley: You cannot go out at this time. It isn't hardly up to ten o'clock. They would see you coming in the yard. There is brightness in the young moon. You must wait till farther out in the night. They will all be in their sound sleep that time. The horse himself will make no outcry, you being no stranger coming to the stall.

Scarry: It is long to me till I'll set out, till I'll go do my revenge.

Brogan: We'll stop along with you.

O'Malley: We cannot. Here is Owen Conary coming to the door.

Brogan: Let you get shut of him, Lawrence, throwing yourself on the bed saying you have need of sleep, and that much is no lie! We'll come back here to you, and he to have gone his road. (*They go by left door.*)

Conary: (*Groping at door.*) Is there anyone within?

Scarry: Is it in here you are coming, Conary? This is a bad place for one that is questing to fill

his bag. It is not a great share of leavings is here after the great throng was in it, and the great feast we had these two nights back!

Conary: It is not food I am craving, Lawrence Scarry.

Scarry: Drink it should be so, and tobacco! There's no one comes into this place without coveting to bring something away out of it. There were some had an eye on the horse and another coveted—curse him—a nearer thing and a thing he never could reach to. And as to what you yourself are coveting (*turns up bottles*) it is gone, and no more to be got.

Conary: That is a sort of welcome should drive me out the door! I'm not one to be bothering or giving trouble! It is now and forever I will turn my back on you!

Scarry: (*Seizing and dragging him to hearth.*) Stop there now by the fire. (*Pushes him into chair.*) I've no mind to be left my lone to please any man or any two men, and I going to lie down in my sleep . . . (*Sits on bed.*) What sort is the weather without?

Conary: Fair enough now, but there is a mist coming up from the west.

Scarry: Dry your feet there from the damp of the road. Waken me after a while, and I to be too

long sleeping. I'll be wanting to go out in the darkness, for a night ramble. That's the time all will be quiet and no one to meddle or put you back . . . that's the time for mischief and for the fox to get his prey! (*Lies down.*)

Conary: It might be best. It's hard lie quiet through the hours of the night, when you are down and a care on top of you. . . . If I didn't know you to be racked and wore out I would put the beggar's curse on you! But God help you! There never was such trouble in anything ever a man put over him! A little saint she was and a loughy woman besides. Surely it was God called her, and His Lady. I could cry down my eyes thinking of her. The priest getting no leave to overtake her and not a good-bye in the world wide. (*Listens.*) That is good! The sleep is the best friend to any troublesome heart. But as to her that is gone, to be a day in her company would lengthen your life. A strange thing she to be holding the cup to me but three days ago; and in what world I wonder is she now? It is quiet and easy she should be at this time as it is well she deserved it. What call would she have to go walking? No children to care or to nourish; no debt that would be a weight on her mind. . . . (*Goes over and listens to Lawrence then comes back.*) Let him sleep on now while he can do it. God is the best and

maybe after a while he'll quieten things all over!
(*He nods over fire. Bride comes in. She stands by Lawrence. Then stoops a little.*)

Bride: Lawrence! Lawrence! Waken! It is I, myself, Bride your wife! (*There is no movement from Lawrence. Conary still sits over fire.*)

Bride: Conary! (*He does not answer, she comes nearer.*) Conary! It is I myself, Bride Scarry!

Conary: (*Uneasily.*) Is there anyone anear me?

Bride: It is Bride, your friend. Speak to me now, speak to me!

Conary: (*Getting up and shrinking.*) It is but a voice in my ear. Let me go out of this!

Bride: Speak to me; question me? I can do nothing without you question me.

Conary: I am affrighted, hearing the voice of the dead.

Bride: My heart is living, Conary. I have not passed the mering of the world. It is to serve Lawrence I am come and to give him a warning—to save him from bad handling and from harm, to save him from doing a great wrong. Question me, question me!

Conary: There is something before me—some whiteness, it might be the flame upon the hearth. Lawrence! Waken!

Bride: He to waken itself he cannot see me, he cannot hear me. Look now I am here before you. Many a yesterday I took the hunger off you, and now you will not do this little thing for me!

Conary: What is it? Who is it? Is it that I have my eyesight? Oh, the darkness is come upon me again! Let me go away out of this! (*He shrinks away groping out of door.*)

Bride: Is it not a hard case I to be a stranger now, and it is short since I was the woman of the house! (*Goes back to side of bed.*) Lawrence! Lawrence! have you no word at all for me! You would not be in dread of me. Lift up your lips to me that is your wife! . . . My grief, he cannot hear me—he cannot feel my hand! Who is there now to help me unless it might be his friends on the other side. (*She stands straight and lifts her hand.*)

I call now to the family of Heaven
To put ridges of mercy around him on every side;
Any bad thing might be coming from the left hand,
I put the King of the Graces between himself and
itself!

Listen Martin and Patrick that do be praying for us,
Do not let him be in bad case at the last!
He is all one with a bird has a trap closing around him.
Stretch out now and turn him to the lucky road!

(*Sound of talking at door. She goes to corner. Brogan and O'Malley come in.*)

Brogan: Is he in here at all?

O'Malley: He is in his sound sleep on the bed.

Brogan: That is very good. He will be fresh and lively for the work is before him.

O'Malley: It was a good thought you had, making up that story about Darcy.

Brogan: We could not have brought him to our way without that.

O'Malley: A foolish man he should be to give credit to it, and he knowing Darcy so well as what he does. But there was confusion in his mind with all the trouble he put over him.

Brogan: The jealousy to come on a man, it is easy make him believe all.

O'Malley: I was in dread we might have to do the job ourselves.

Brogan: I wouldn't ask to bring him into it if we had power to do it without him.

O'Malley: He having the key of the stable there'll be no stay in doing it.

Brogan: It's easy to get the key. It's likely it's in the pocket where he left it a while ago. (*Takes key from coat hanging by bed.*) It's as good for me to keep it myself. (*Puts it in pocket.*)

O'Malley: We can go on without him so.

Brogan: The horse that would rouse the whole place with kicking and clattering, and he seeing

strangers coming anear him. There is no one only Lawrence can handle him, and keep him quiet, he being used to his ways. (*Shakes him.*) Rouse yourself up now, Lawrence Scarry!

Scarry: What is it?

Brogan: Let you waken!

O'Malley: It is time to stir yourself.

Scarry: Is the night gone by?

Brogan: It is not. You have it before you.

Scarry: I was in a deep sleep.

Brogan: We are come back sooner than we thought. It is dark the night is turned. There is come a clout over the moon.

Scarry: I was through the world in my sleep.

Brogan: You are wakened out of it now.

Scarry: I was as if in some white place. It is likely it was a dream.

O'Malley: Let you rise up now.

Scarry: The sweetest sound of music ever I heard. (*He is sitting on side of bed.*)

O'Malley: Put on your coat now and come on along with us.

Scarry: (*Puts on coat.*) I am going out in the night.

O'Malley: Come on so.

Scarry: It is not with you I am going. I am going my lone.

O'Malley: So you can go—over to the big stables.

Scarry: It is not there I am going.

Brogan: Where is it so? Is it to lay a complaint against us and a warning?

Scarry: It is not. But I will not go in your company.

Brogan: Is it that you are going to renege and you after giving us your word?

O'Malley: Is it that you are falling back from drawing down your revenge?

Scarry: That plan of revenge is as if gone from my mind. I have no desire to hurt or to harm any person at all. (*Gets up.*)

Brogan: Ah, come along, man, with us and it will come back to you.

Scarry: It is over to Eserkelly I am going. I have a mind to go look at Brigit's grave.

Brogan: Making excuses you are. What would bring you there at this hour of the night?

Scarry: I am uneasy without going there.

Brogan: Scheming you are. What can you do for her? She is safe enough in the grave.

Scarry: The world wouldn't put it out of my head that she came anear me in my sleep.

Brogan: That is but vanity and foolishness. There is no one comes back from the dead.

Scarry: So nice she looked and so calm and so mournful. I am going to you now, Bride, till I will cry my fill for you! God knows, she to come back I would give her a good welcome, shadow and all as she might be!

O'Malley: It is that he is a coward and is afeard to do what he took in hand.

Brogan: He has us made fools of. He has us robbed.

O'Malley: It is easier save yourself from a rogue than from a liary person would not hold to his word.

Brogan: Is it that you are a traitor or in dread to keep your purpose?

Scarry: (*Turning from door.*) Is it of the like of ye I would be afeard?

O'Malley: (*Taking his arm.*) Come on now, Lawrence.

Scarry: (*Shaking him off.*) Don't touch my clothes or don't come anear me!

Brogan: Come on and do what you have to do or you'll repent it.

O'Malley: A renegade you are!

Scarry: Let you quit talking to me before I'll make you!

Brogan: No wonder he to be so cross and craven! It's likely what I said was no news to him. It's likely he knew well Darcy was after the wife. It's likely he had it planned to let her go with him before he wed with her!

Scarry: I'll have your life on the head of those words out of your lying mouth! (*Strikes at him.*)

Brogan: (*At door.*) You may believe me this time! There is shortness of life before you. I'll send you to the slaughter. If ever you leaped high on any horse you'll make a higher leap again with the hangman! (*Flings him back and goes out banging door.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

Scene. A few days later. Office at Darcy's. A desk, one or two chairs and benches. Two girls coming in with a Policeman.

2nd Girl: Is this now the Magistrate's Court?

1st Policeman: It is so. It is here the Magistrate will find proof who is it is guilty of destroying his horse Shanwalla, the way it would not win in the race.

1st Girl: It is Lawrence Scarry done it. The world that is saying that.

1st Policeman: Keep your mouth quiet. That has yet to be proved.

1st Girl: My uncle, that is Pat O'Malley, is laying down it will be proved by sure token.

1st Policeman: Pat O'Malley! Take care will it be proved against himself.

1st Girl: It will not. Aren't we after coming here purposely to prove his alibi?

2nd Girl: A great wonder it was, Mr. Darcy to bring the horse out to the race and not to leave it in the stable the way it was.

1st Policeman: They thought there to be nothing on it, and it leaving the yard.

1st Girl: Sure, you saw the way it was, that it couldn't so much as raise a gallop, and all the world travelling to Inchy to see him, and all the bets that were on him gone astray.

1st Policeman: I wasn't in it myself, but sent patrolling the Loughrea road.

2nd Girl: A great pity you to have missed it. There was no one but had a bet on that horse.

1st Girl: I, myself, that put a shilling on him. Word I had from a knacky man that got a tip from the stand. I think I never will chance a bet again.

2nd Girl: I was late myself coming to the entrance gap, and everyone pressing through it; and there came a great noise of talking among the crowd, that I thought the race to be ended. The throng parted then and the light-weight came passing out, and he wearing Darcy's colours, grey and yellow. Very mournful looking he was, and his eyes going into the ground. Some man that was behind me on the road called out and asked was the honour of Mr. Darcy doing well at the leaps. And the jockey made as if an oath to himself and gave no answer at all.

1st Girl: No, but wait till I tell you. I that saw more again. I that went up on some barrels the time I heard great cheers for Shanwalla that

was coming the road; prancing up he was and his coat shining. If Darcy had a mind to sell him that time, I tell you he'd have his full price got!

1st Policeman: It would be lucky for Darcy if he did sell him.

1st Girl: The weighty part of the crowd came running to see him, such a welter and such a killing you never saw as was in it; climbing and knocking the wall they were, till there was nothing left standing only gaps.

1st Policeman: So I saw it myself after; that is the way it was.

1st Girl: Shouting Shanwalla they were, that was for Galway, and all Munster against him! But all of a sudden it is to go wild like he did and to stop and to rear up, and Lawrence Scarry that was leading him strove to soother him down. But as he came to the field it is to go into a cold sweat he did, and then he went around in a sort of a megrim, the same as a man that would have drink taken.

1st Policeman: So he had drink taken . . . of some sort.

1st Girl: And is it true, so, that it is to poison him they did?

2nd Girl: If they did itself, he is as well nearly as he was before. The farrier down from Craughwell that came and attended him. Sure

my grandfather was in it that is better again for cures, and that gave me the story down.

1st Policeman: It is the farrier makes a claim to have brought him round.

2nd Girl: Shivering he was, and they couldn't keep a drink with him he was that drouthy, and they gave him castor oil, for whatever you put before him, if it was soot and water, he must drink it. But the world wouldn't make him vomit, and it was my grandfather brought him round at the last, giving him a pint of forge water, and whisky and the white of an egg. And everyone that heard it said there was surely poison within in him.

(Second Policeman comes in.)

1st Policeman: *(To Girls.)* Go back there now out of the way. And let ye mind yourselves. It is as witnesses ye were brought here, and the less talk you let out of you the better it will be for the cause of justice and for yourselves. *(To 2nd Policeman.)* Did they find another magistrate to sit along with Mr. Darcy?

2nd Policeman: Out searching for one we were the whole of the morning and no one to be found, where they were all gone to the meet of the hounds at Rahasane.

1st Policeman: It wouldn't hardly be according to law, Mr. Darcy to judge his own case.

2nd Policeman: Sure, he has but to commit whoever is thought to have a hand in it for trial at the Galway assizes. A week is no great hardship in gaol.

1st Policeman: Did the Head Constable come yet?

2nd Policeman: He did not. He is in pursuit of some trace or track of the guilty person that was put into his hand.

1st Policeman: Who would he be now?

2nd Policeman: How would I know, and he not willing to tell me? In dread I might catch him myself, I suppose he was. He is one is well pleased to take full credit for all.

1st Policeman: There was some cause to suspect Pat O'Malley of Canamona they were telling me, and his cousin, James Brogan, from Limerick.

2nd Policeman: I never heard much against Pat O'Malley but that he is poor and has debts down on him. Brogan, though, has the name of being a wild card, a rag on every bush, knocking about here and there.

1st Policeman: It is likely it's after him the Constable is gone searching.

2nd Policeman: (*Looking from window.*) He should be here by this. Mr. Darcy that is coming in will be vexed not seeing him.

Darcy: (*Coming in.*) Is Lawrence Scarry here?

2nd Policeman: I didn't see him, sir.

Darcy: I'll want him to sift out evidence along with the Head Constable that might help us to find out who was it did this thing.

2nd Policeman: I believe the Constable is of opinion he all to has his hand laid upon the rogue.

Darcy: That's right. It is long to me till I'll have him before me. I won't be long sending him to his rightful place, that is gaol.

1st Policeman: He'll be best there, surely.

Darcy: He must be a terrible ruffian! I never heard of a worse case in my lifetime! To come breaking into my stables and to try and do away with my horse!

2nd Policeman: It was a very ruffianly deed.

Darcy: To go hurt a *man* you would want to put out of the way it would be bad enough. But I think it seventeen times worse to make an attack on an innocent creature that gave no provocation to anyone. You'd have been sorry to see the way he was!

1st Policeman: I was well pleased to hear he is at this time on the mending hand.

Darcy: That has nothing to do with it! It's no thanks to the villain if he did escape. There was

enough of poison left in the pail he drank from to do away with all the horses on the green of Ballinasloe!

2nd Policeman: So the Constable is after telling me.

Darcy: The black-hearted ruffian! It is crooked law that wouldn't mix that same poison into the diet of the man used it on Shanwalla! He'll get hanging, anyway. There's some justice in that.

1st Policeman: The law is very severe in those cases.

Darcy: It couldn't be too severe! I wouldn't grudge it to my own brother, and I to have one, and he to have done such a deed!

1st Policeman: Two men, some are saying, that were in it.

Darcy: It is glad I am to hear that! To give up two of them to the hangman will be some satisfaction, and will show some respect for Shanwalla!

1st Policeman: Here is the Head Constable coming, and a couple more along with him. They are bringing with them . . .

Darcy: The men they suspect, I suppose. Go tell them to hurry. And try can you find Lawrence Scarry.

1st Policeman: I'll not have far to go look for him. He is close at hand.

Constable: (Coming in.) I couldn't get here any sooner, sir. I have been searching the whole matter out.

Darcy: That's right. Have you got hold of the man that did it?

Constable: In my opinion I have.

Darcy: I was in dread you might not be able to put your hand on him.

Constable: No fear of that. There is one thing sure in this world—when there's a crime there's a criminal.

Darcy: It's not always so easy to find him.

Constable: In some cases it is not. But it was easy enough this time. I've got him.

Darcy: I thought there were two suspected.

Constable: O'Malley and Brogan you are thinking of. But they can clear themselves. They have their alibi as good as proved.

Darcy: Who are you going to charge so?

Constable: It is Lawrence Scarry.

Darcy: Scarry! . . . My Lawrence Scarry!

Constable: The same one.

Darcy: Rubbish! You might as well say that I myself did it!

Constable: The case is strong against him.

Darcy: Some one has made up false witness.

Constable: There was no need for that. There is proof.

Darcy: There couldn't be proof of what didn't happen. Larry loved that horse!

Constable: That makes the crime the worse.

Darcy: Where is he? He will be able to disprove it.

Constable: We have him now at hand. I am making a search in the room at Cahirbohil where he was housed. I found this piece of blue paper stuck under a candle. It was in a tattered condition and smelling of stale porter. It fits in shape and similitude with the twisted paper we found on the stable floor and that had some remains of the poison in it yet. There are some grains of the same sort here. This is the document proves the case through and through.

Darcy: If I thought it possible—but I don't—that he had gone out of his wits and done such a thing I would sooner withdraw the case than have it proved against him!

Constable: It would be impossible to do that. I have my report made to the inspector. It will be in the hands of the Crown.

Darcy: I tell you he couldn't have done it! It was in the night time it was done, after ten o'clock, between that and early morning.

Constable: It was within that time sure enough. You took notice yourself, sir, some of the flour was spilled from the box where it was.

Darcy: If I did I thought it might be a rat or a mouse or a thing of the kind. I knew no one could have come in. I had locked the door myself. I had the key all the time.

Constable: There was no other one, I suppose, has a key?

Darcy: No one—except Lawrence Scarry.

Constable: So I was thinking. (*Writes note.*) I wasn't rightly sure till now.

Darcy: It makes no difference. He wasn't near the stable. I was expecting him. He never came till morning. He told me he was tired out after the burying—and low-hearted—no wonder . . . and the day over, he had laid down to sleep on his bed.

Constable: We'll soon know can he give proof of that. I'm not one to rush at a thing without sure evidence.

Darcy: Why don't you go look for proofs against these other men? Had you no informa-

tion against them? We might be able to prove it. Bring them in.

Constable: All I heard was, they had bets put on against your own horse in the race. There was ill-feeling against them among those that lost their money. I was advised to make enquiry about them. I did that. I got no information was enough to charge them on.

Darcy: Bring them here, I might make out something. (*They are brought in. O'Malley is brought forward.*) Now look here, my man, if you were brought in here, it is that there is something against you. What is it? Do you know anything of what happened my horse? Did you ever see him or handle him? Say yes or no.

O'Malley: I will. Previous to the day of the races I never laid an eye on him.

Constable: He says he can give proof he was not out of his own house that night.

O'Malley: So I can, too. There are two little girls of the neighbours can bear testimony to that.

Darcy: Who are they? Will they be honest witnesses?

1st Policeman: Very decent little girls, sir, and well-spoken. Nieces of Pat O'Malley, I believe they are.

Darcy: What have they to say?

1st Girl: It was Thursday night. . . .

Darcy: What Thursday night?

1st Girl: St. Brigit's Eve for the world. We met Pat O'Malley coming home, where he had been to the burying at Eserkelly; and he having a pain in the jaw and it going athrough his head.

2nd Girl: That is so. Cold, I suppose he got.

1st Girl: We turned into the house with him, and we sat there for a while.

Darcy: For how long?

1st Girl: A middling while, and he telling us newses of the burying.

2nd Girl: Giving us an account of all the people that were in it.

Darcy: That's enough. All I want to know is what time it was.

2nd Girl: I couldn't know . . . only the middling right time.

1st Girl: It was just on the stroke of ten o'clock we went in——

2nd Girl. I was forgetting that. Just up to ten o'clock.

1st Girl: The wife put a hot plaster to the jaw and he went in to his bed, and we went away then, and the door was closed after us. Closed and locked; and he never left the house till morning.

2nd Girl: Till it was time to make a start for Inchy races. We were together going the road.

Constable: You see, sir, it is hardly worth while going on with this case.

Darcy: Go on then with the other, Brogan. Can he prove where he was that night?

Constable: That is a thing was laid down against James Brogan. He was seen coming out through a gap in the demesne wall at Cahirbohil about twelve o'clock Thursday night.

Darcy: That is better. He is likely the man we want. Have you any witnesses?

Brogan: You need bring no witness to that. I did come out that side. I thought it no harm where it was a mile of a short-cut. I had gone in to see a friend.

Darcy: At that time of night?

Brogan: No, but earlier. I went to visit him. I was coming back from the fair of Loughrea. Darkness overtook me on the road; I went to ask a lodging of him.

Darcy: What friend had you inside my demesne?

Brogan: I should sooner say kinsman by marriage. His wife's mother and my mother were mixed, blood thick, they were, two cousins. Any-

one that has learning can read it on the headstone in Eserkelly. He was Lawrence Scarry.

Darcy: What time was that?

Brogan: The time I went there it was close on ten o'clock. I stopped a good while, maybe two hours.

Darcy: Then Scarry was in his own room where you were with him all that time! I knew he never left it. I knew he was speaking the truth!

Brogan: I took my rest there for a while. But I did not say I was with him. I won't tell you one word of a lie. There was no one in the place but myself.

Darcy: Where was he then?

Brogan: The Lord be praised, I do not know, and that I cannot tell.

Darcy: He might have gone to some neighbour's house.

Brogan: To be sure he might. That's what I was thinking myself. It will be easy for him call that neighbour to witness.

1st Policeman: Owen Conary, the dark man that goes questing on the roads was talking abroad in the yard. I heard him give out he himself was the latest person was with Lawrence Scarry on that night.

Darcy: Call him in then. He might settle the matter.

Constable: He will, I'm thinking. One way or another. (*Conary comes in.*)

Darcy: What time were you with Scarry at Cahirbohil Thursday night?

Constable: If ever you were there at all.

Conary: Why wouldn't I be there? I was in it surely. The time I went in it was near to ten o'clock.

Constable: What way do you know that?

Conary: I know it by the number of the steps I made, and I coming the road from Kilchriest.

Constable: And Scarry was in it?

Conary: He was to be sure.

Darcy: How long did you stop with him?

Conary: I don't know was it an hour, half an hour? I couldn't be rightly sure.

Constable: Try and call up your memory now.

Conary: I wouldn't be sure. My mind was on other things besides time.

Darcy: You maybe stopped with him up to ten o'clock.

Conary: I did and later, I can be certain of that.

Darcy: This man Brogan says he was there at that time.

Conary: He did not come in when I was in it. Lawrence Scarry was there in his lone. I talked with him a short while, till being tired and down-hearted he stretched himself in sleep on the bed through the night.

Darcy: That's what he told me. It is certain he slept in his bed last night. This Brogan must be making a mistake or making up a story. He says he came in. You say no one at all came in.

Conary: No one—unless. . . .

Constable: Unless who? Tell it out.

Conary: I thought I saw . . .

Constable: He is getting away from the truth. You know that you cannot see, and you having the eyesight lost, and being as you are stone dark.

Conary: I never did before in my natural life. But I give you the bail of my mouth I saw that time, or it seemed to me that I saw.

Darcy: Go on. What did you see?

Conary: I saw Bride Scarry walking.

Constable: This is superstition and a mockery. We all know her to be dead.

Conary: I tell you she came in the spirit.

Darcy: I'm afraid his mind is rambling.

Conary: Why would she not come and the spirit not long gone out of her, where it is known God will

blow His breath into those that are dead a hundred or two hundred years?

Darcy: Did you speak to her?

Conary: I did not; and it is a great pity that it failed me to do it. But it was all strange to me. It is often I coveted to see the flame of the fire on the hearth, and there it was before me, and the walls of the house on every side. And as to her, I saw her as I never saw anyone in this life. But there being no one waking along with me, the fright went into my heart, and it failed me to question her, and I went out the door and made no stop or delay.

Constable: You are certain it was Bride Scarry? What sort was she?

Conary: She seemed to me to be coming from the south, and to have on her the lovely appearance of the people of heaven.

Darcy: He is given over to dreams and visions. We are getting nothing from him at all.

Constable: He was trying to befriend Scarry but there is nothing in what he says that can serve him.

Darcy: Stop a minute. Scarry did not leave the house? He was in bed asleep when you went out?

Conary: He laid himself on the bed. But he said he would not be long in it. He bade me waken him. He said he would be going out later in the night.

Constable: So he did go out later, and did the crime. I was full sure of that.

Darcy: It is hard for me to give up trust in him. He to have turned against me, I will never have faith in any other man in the living world.

Constable: He will give you his own account now of himself.

Scarry: (Coming in between two policemen.) Will you tell me what is going on, Mr. Hubert, or if it is by your orders it is going on? These peelers dragging me here and there! First they would not give me leave to come to you, and now they are shoving me in, the same as a thief on the road! *(To Policeman.)* Leave go your hold!

Constable: Keep a quiet mouth now and behave yourself!

Scarry: What call have you to be putting orders on me? It is Mr. Darcy is my master. I take orders from no other one.

Constable: It is likely you'll give heed to my orders from this out!

Scarry: Let you keep that thought for robbers and law-breakers! I'm not one of that class! I

never gave a summons or got a summons or gave my oath in a court!

Constable: It is not with a court but with a gaol you will be making acquaintance this night!

Scarry: Divil a fear of me! Whatever you have against me or make out against me, it is Mr. Darcy is well able to bring a man from the gallows!

Darcy: You need expect no help from me, Scarry, if the grave was there open before you!

Scarry: What in the world wide! What at all is it you have against me, Mr. Hubert?

Darcy: You will know that at the Assizes when you will be brought before the judge.

Scarry: Tell me out what it is, and I'll show you I am clear from blame!

Darcy: You'll show me! I would not believe one word coming out of your mouth!

Constable: There's no use talking. We know what way you passed the night before the race.

Scarry: Is that it now? Is that what has put you out, sir? You are vexed I did not come to mind the horse. It is very sharp blame you are putting on me for that!

Darcy: You need not try to put a face upon it! You cannot come around me now that I have knowledge of what you are!

Scarry: I had a right to have come, and you uneasy as you were.

Darcy: That's not it, I tell you!

Scarry: I told you I thought to come . . . and that I was racked and tormented . . . and maybe I had a drop taken . . . and sleep came upon me.

Darcy: I wish to God you had stopped in your sleep!

Scarry: I give you my oath, I'll never quit your yard again but to be minding your business night and day.

Darcy: You'll never be helper or head lad again in any stable I may own.

Scarry: That is hard judgment when all I did was to drowse awhile.

Darcy: It is not your drowsing and sleeping goes against you! It is the deed you went out for after your rising up!

Scarry: What way did you know I went out?

Constable: There now, he has allowed it.

Scarry: I never denied it.

Constable: What time now did you go out?

Scarry: It seemed to me like the dead hour of darkness, but it might not be so far out in the night.

Constable: What brought you out at all?

Scarry: I was troublesome in the mind.

Constable: You came then to Mr. Darcy's stables.

Scarry: No, it was not this side I came, but out across the meadows to the north.

Darcy: Speak out. Don't drag this thing on for ever.

Scarry: It was to the old church of Eserkelly I went, to the side of Bride my wife's grave.

Constable: You can maybe bring witness to that?

Scarry: Who would I bring? There was no one in it, unless God, and the dead underneath.

Constable: What did you go doing there?

Scarry: Asking her forgiveness I was if ever I was anyway unkind, and saying prayers for the repose of her soul.

Constable: (To Darcy.) This seems to be a humbugging story, sir, made up to get at your soft side, the way you will get him off.

O'Malley: Ah, what getting off! He said one time he was asleep and he says now he was rambling the fields.

Brogan: Let him tell that story to the birds of the air, for there is no one on the face of the earth will believe it.

Scarry: (*Seeing them for the first time.*) Is it you yourself, you red rogue, is at the bottom of this mischief? I should have known that where there was bad work you would be in it, yourself and your comrade schemer! (*To Darcy.*) They are two that would swear away a man's life for a farthing candle! There is no nature in them! They are two would think no more of giving false witness than of giving a blow from a pipe. Tell that story to the birds of the air is it! I will and to the magistrate that is my master!

Brogan: He gave little belief to all you told him up to this.

Scarry: I have more to tell and maybe he will believe it!

Brogan: You have nothing to tell but what will bring your own head into the loop!

Scarry: Maybe it's your own head it will bring into it!

Brogan: Do your best so, and see will your lies serve you.

Scarry: What brought you into the house that night? Why did you waken me? What did you

ask of me? Was it to come along with you to Darcy's stable?

Brogan: Stop your slandering mouth!

Darcy: Maybe there is something in it.

Brogan: I say this man has made up this false witness and this story because we have knowledge of what would hang him twice over, and we being willing to tell it out!

Scarry: You have nothing to tell against me, if it is not that for one half hour, God forgive me! I consented to your wicked plan.

Brogan: What I have to say I would sooner not say, because it concerns her that was near in blood to me, if she was mixed in marriage with yourself.

Scarry: Keep your tongue off her, you villain! Have some shame in you!

Brogan: (*To Darcy.*) Have I leave to speak?

Darcy: Go on.

Scarry: No! It would not be for honour her name to be spoken out of your false mouth, you that are a disgrace to the world! I know what you have in your wicked mind, and what when I was mad and crazed with trouble you made me give credit to for one minute only! I declare to

heaven that if you say it in this place it will be the last lie in your throat!

Darcy: (To Brogan.) Speak out.

Brogan: It is loth I am to do that, and I would not, without that I am forced by your honour's commands and this man's treachery. I know and I tell you out, it was he himself that made away with his wife!

Scarry: My God Almighty! (*Stumbles and holds a chair.*)

Brogan: Look, sir, at the way she died! Gone in the snap of a finger. Well as she was that you would take a lease of her life, as supple walking as a young girl. What was it happened her? Is it that the ladder was settled in a way it would go from under her, and to slip on a slippery flag, the way she would be quiet and dumb and could not hold to her word and tell out to her master that it was Lawrence Scarry himself had engaged for money to put injury on the thing was in his charge!

Scarry: Let me out till I'll choke him!

Brogan: Search your mind, sir, did she say she had something to lay before you! Was it he sent her out of the door? Was it he himself brought her in dead? Put away she was, before she could give out that word.

Darcy: (To Scarry.) You understand what he is saying. What answer have you?

Scarry: The twists and tricks of a serpent he has! Didn't I speak before and what did it serve me. (*Bride comes in and stays near door.*)

Darcy: (Getting up.) The case looks bad and black. It has gone beyond me. (*He looks at Constable's notes; the others whisper together.*)

Bride: (Coming to Conary.) Can you hear me what I say, Owen Conary?

Conary: I do hear you and know your voice, indeed.

2nd Policeman: (Touching his shoulder.) No speaking now.

Bride: But there is great need for us to talk together. We must have leave to do that. (*Turns and stands a moment near door.*)

A Boy: (Coming to door.) The horses are getting uneasy in the stable, let Lawrence Scarry come and quiet them down. (*Larry starts up.*)

Darcy: No, not you. Never again! (*Scarry sits down with head in hands. Darcy goes out, police, Brogan, and O'Malley follow him. Girls go to window and whisper, looking out. Bride comes to Conary.*)

Bride: Here I am now that you may question me.

Conary: I will do that, and I give great praise to God that sent you back to me. For I am in no dread of you this time.

Bride: You need be in no dread of me, indeed; and it is to save my man I am come, for he is at the rib end of the web, and no woof to be got, and not one to save him without your help and my own.

Conary: Answer me and tell me now what is to be done for him, and what way can he stand up to the judge, and he it may be going to his hanging tomorrow?

Bride: I am come here to stand between himself and his ill-wishers, and the man that put the curse of misfortune upon him.

Conary: Do that, for he is the worst God ever created, and it is bad is his behaviour and you could not beat upon his cunning. And it is a great wonder the Lord to allow all the villainy is in the world. And that they may meet with all they deserve at this time, and in the cold hell that is before them.

Bride: Let you not call out a judgment against them, but let you leave them to the Almighty; and I myself never will put my curse on them; but that He Himself may change everyone for the best!

Conary: Stretch out now and give aid to the boy that had the sea of the world's troubles over

him, since you yourself went from him to the other side, and that was a boy did not deserve it from God or man.

Bride: I will do that. For he was fair and honest until the man that is his red enemy put a net around him with lying words, and he broke away from it after. And he was a kind man to me, for a headstrong man, while I was with him, and I liked him well. Do now my bidding and I will leave you my blessing by day and by night, in the light and in the darkness, for from this out I will be free from the world's trouble and at peace.

Conary: I will do your bidding, indeed. And it is not lonesome I will be from this out, but I to be going the long road it will be as if I did not belong to the world at all; for it seemed to me the time I looked at you, the heavens to have opened then and there! *(They go up to corner. She is seen to be speaking to him. Presently they both go out.)*

1st Girl: *(Leaving window and coming down stage.)* They're coming back now from the stables.

2nd Girl: *(Looking at Scarry who still sits with head sunk on arms.)* Would you ever think now Lawrence Scarry to be such a terrible wicked man, to kill the poor woman stone-dead!

1st Girl: Darcy to turn against him—what will it be when he will come before the Judge of Assize and all the counsellors of the Crown?

2nd Girl: I thought it was but for a bit of funning Pat O'Malley bade us make up the story about him being in the house that night. Sure, what way would I know if he was in it at all? And now they'll be putting it in the newspapers and all around the world.

1st Girl: Whether or no, you cannot go back from it now. Well, I declare, I'd near pity the poor man if it was not for the bad deed he has done.

(Darcy, Constable and the rest come in.)

Constable: *(To Scarry.)* Come over here now and hear what Mr. Darcy has to say.

Darcy: There is nothing for me to do but to commit you to gaol.

Scarry: Is it that *you* give belief to what was said?

Darcy: God knows I would give the half of my estate to have the same thought of you I had yesterday. You never would hear a sharp word from me again. But what stand can you make against the Judge, where I must cast you off, that was your near friend?

Scarry: My mind is as if gone blind. I can keep no thought in my head. This is surely the crossest day that ever went over me. I can make no stand against such treachery.

Conary: (Coming forward.) Will I get leave to say one word . . . ? A message I am after being given . . .

Darcy: Have you anything new to tell?

Conary: A message I am after being given for Patrick O'Malley.

Darcy: Has it anything to do with this case?

Conary: Your honour will know that. I am bidden to tell you, Pat O'Malley, to give up now the thing that is in your hand, that is the sign and the token of your treachery, and of the deed you have joined in and that you have done.

O'Malley: (Taking his hand from his breast where he had thrust it.) There is nothing in it.

Conary: Let those that have eyesight say if there is! (*Constable goes over to O'Malley.*)

O'Malley: (Flinging a letter at Brogan.) It is you betrayed me! It is you gave it to me! There is no one had knowledge of it only yourself. (*Constable takes up and gives paper to Darcy.*)

Darcy: (Reading.) It is a promise to pay £50 to him so soon as Inchy races will be over, if so be the horse Shanwalla will not have been able to make a start.

O'Malley: It was poverty brought me to it, and the children rising around me.

Brogan: Keep your tongue quiet, you fool!

Conary: I hear your voice, James Brogan. I am not without a message to yourself.

Brogan: Some lie you have made up. Who is there in the living world would go send me a message in this place?

Conary: You will know who sent it, hearing it. It was given to me but now.

Brogan: There was no one came in or went out. I swear to that.

Conary: It failed you to see her; but she was here.

Brogan: (*Uneasily.*) She . . . What are you saying? What are you talking about?

Conary: She gave me this message: "Were you not a foolish man, James Brogan, to knock the ladder from under me, and I but just after saying to you that it is hard to quench life!"

Brogan: She did not—she could not——

Conary: You know well who it was spoke that word. Have a care! She is maybe not far from you.

Brogan: (*Falling on his knees and looking at place she had stood.*) I give my faith and my solemn oath, Bride, that the time I got wild and faced you I never thought to leave a hand on you,

to kill you, but only to put fear on you, the way you would not tell on me, and but to quiet you for a while!

Darcy: Do you understand what you are saying?

Brogan: "Living or dead I'll be against you," you said, and I threatening to do injury to your man. And if it was for my own profit I did injury to what he had in charge, it is for your own sake I put a revenge on him and strove to destroy him and to bring him down! (*Holds out his arms towards door.*) Are you gone from me now and for ever! Oh, Bride, you were always against me, and you are against me yet, and it is through you I will give myself up to the Judge and will go to my punishment as it is well I have earned it! (*The two policemen stand at each side of him as he stands up, and lead him and O'Malley to door.*)

Conary: (*To Scarry.*) Surely God has some great hand in you, giving leave to the woman to keep her promise for your help. And didn't she behave well, coming challenging through myself your enemies in the court, the way you got over them all, and you so near your last goal!

Scarry: Through you is it? Stop your raving. She to have left her standing in Heaven it is not with you she would have come speaking, or with any one at all only myself!

Darcy: It is a good thought he had facing them. But it's no wonder he to be apt at riddles, there is great wit and great wisdom in the blind. And it's little he could have done for you, Larry, but for knowing that I myself was on your side.

Constable: (To the two Policemen.) I'm full sure the beggar was in league with them and knew their secrets, and turned on them and betrayed them for his own safety, seeing me searching out the matter to the root.

2nd Policeman: I never heard in my time a spirit to give any aid to the law or to the police.

1st Policeman: There's nothing in the world more ignorant then to give any belief to ghosts. I am walking the world these twenty years, and never met anything worse than myself!

NOTES TO SHANWALLA

Some time ago I was looking through many stories told me on our countryside and given by me later in *Visions and Beliefs*, bearing witness to the consciousness of the presence of the dead, of spirits invisible, for here in Connacht there is no doubt as to the continuance of life after death; the spirit wanders for a while in that intermediate region to which mystics and theologians have given various names. But I felt doubtful as to using them; I hesitated to put them before an audience used to close reasoning and the presentation of proved facts. I feared they might be found inconclusive, trivial, meaningless. But it happened the next day as I was driving to church with one dear to me and now gone from me we were talking of kindred matters and he said, "I have no doubt at all there will be a return to intuition as in primitive days. Reason took its place, and reason was seized on with passion by the Greeks as a new force to be used in every possible field and way. But now it has gone as far as it can go, it has ceased to interest, to satisfy; it is to intuition we must turn for new discoveries."

I said then to myself that my countryside tales are justified. These people of lonely bogs and hillsides have still their intuition, their sensitiveness to the

unseen; they do not reason about it, they accept it as simply as they do the sighing of the west wind or the colour of the sky. I believe that what they feel and relate is perhaps of as great importance to that in us which is lasting, as the tested results of men of science examining into psychic things. For none have yet been certainly aware of much more than shadows upon a veil, vague, intangible, yet making the certainty clearer every day that when the veil is rent for us at our passing away, or made thinner for us during our stay in this world, it is not death but life that is to be discovered beyond it.

But as to proof of the return, "How shall they believe if one rose from the dead?" When I was working at this play, where the spirit of the wife returns, imperceptible indeed to the Court where she gives her message, yet able to give it and so to save her man, reason told me that all in that Court should be convinced, that Magistrate and husband and officials would go on their knees in prayer, or call out their belief in this triumph of one of "the cloud of Witnesses." But when it came to writing the scene, I suppose it was either intuition or experience that took the pen and brought it to its present end.

I was talking in a Venice salon one evening with a well-known English artist and a German Admiral. The artist told us she had once been dining in Kensington Palace with a Royal Princess, and after dinner as they were going upstairs she was left alone for a moment and a clear voice said from below, "Who is there?"

She was surprised at anyone thus calling out in such a place, and the Princess came running back, looking scared, and said "Did you hear anything?" "And when I told her, the Princess said, 'Yes, others have heard it too; it is George the IVth.'" This happened in Kensington Palace, and the spirit was that of a King. But the German Admiral, the Reasoner, said "Ach, we hear sthories of ghosts, and they are got up by people that want to keep the place for shmuggling!"

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